

# The Rockland Gazette.

AN INDEPENDENT PAPER, DEVOTED TO THE BENEFIT OF ITS PATRONS AND THE PECUNIARY PROFIT OF ITS PUBLISHER

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## THE ROCKLAND GAZETTE.

JOHN PORTER, Proprietor,  
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## LOST BLOSSOMS.

BY M. B. C. BLADE.

As I looked through the gate of the arbor  
Out into the wintry world,  
I remember how green in the spring time  
The grove in its beauty stood.  
And how the anemones glistened,  
Drooping, snow-like, all over the ground,  
While the little white violets listened  
To the spring brooklet's musical sound.  
I remember how trustful the other  
Blue violets opened their eyes  
Smiling up like a babe to its mother,  
To the blue of the smiling skies.  
I remember—I pressed to my bosom  
My boy in the woodland green,  
And thought him the loveliest blossom  
The Spring-angels ever had seen.

As I look through the gate of the arbor  
Out into the forest lawn,  
I can see that the leaves are all withered,  
I can see that the flowers are gone.

I do not know why they were hidden  
Away from our sight to go,  
I do not know where they are hidden;  
This, only, I surely know:

That when the long winter is ended,  
And the earth grows warm in the sun,  
The Lord will give back to her bosom,  
Back to little blossoming one.

I do not know where they have borne him  
My blossom, so fair and so pure,  
I do not know why I must mourn him;  
Of this, only this, am I sure:

That when the long winter is ended,  
And the Spring-time of Heaven begins,  
The Lord will fold back to my bosom  
My lost little blossoming one.

## Selections for a Newspaper.

Most people think the selection of suitable matter for a newspaper the easiest part of the business. How great an error. It is by all means the most difficult. To look over and over hundreds of exchange papers every week, from which to select enough for one, especially when the question is, not what shall, but what shall not be selected, is no easy task. If every person who reads a newspaper could have edited it, we should hear less complaints. Not unfrequently it is the case, that an editor looks over all his exchange papers for something interesting, and can absolutely find nothing. Every paper is dryer than a contribution box; and yet something must be had—this paper must come out with something in it, and he does the best he can. To an editor who has the least care about what he selects, the writing that has to do is the easiest part of the labor. Every subscriber thinks the paper printed for his own benefit, and if there is nothing in it that suits him, it must be stopped—it is good for nothing. Just as many subscribers as an editor may have, so many tastes he has to consult. One wants something smart, another something sound. One likes anecdotes, fun and frolic, and the next door neighbor wonders that a man of sense will put such stuff in his paper. Something arguative, and the editor is a dull fool. And so, between them all, you see, the poor fellow gets roughly handled. And, yet to ninety-nine out of a hundred, these things do not occur. They never reflect that what does not please them may please the next man; but they insist that if the paper does not suit them, it is good for nothing.

ADRIFF IN A DORY. The Gloucester Telegraph states that the schooner Austerlitz, which arrived at that port on Thursday, reports that while at anchor off Seal Island, she sent off four men in two dories for the purpose of visiting the trawls. The men were lost in a fog, and nothing more was heard of them until the arrival of the schooner Shooting Star at Newburyport, on Friday, with two of the men on board. She had picked them up on the same day on which they had lost their vessel. Capt. Smith, of the Austerlitz, thinks that the others must have got on board some vessel, or have drifted into the neighboring bay.

THE ECLIPSE. Accounts from different portions of New England show that the eclipse was not fully and satisfactorily observed on account of the intervening clouds. At Portland, rain fell, and but a partial view of the obscuration was obtained by the parting of the clouds. At Portsmouth, N. H., at Lowell, Newburyport, Springfield, Providence, Hartford, and other places those who waited and watched the whole computed time, were rewarded with occasional glimpses of the dark shadow traversing the face of the sun. At New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, the weather was remarkable fine, and a good opportunity was afforded to make observations. Twenty-eight daguerreotype views of the eclipse, in its various phases, were taken in New York.

The Skowhegan Clarion states that Mr. Pratt, formerly editor of the Press has purchased a fine far in Minnesota.

## DRESSING FOR A HUSBAND.

BY A LADY OF BALTIMORE.

'Have you got your Spring bonnet yet, Mary?' said Martha Hinton to her companion, Mary Lynn, as they walked together to their work one fine morning in the latter part of April.

'No, I've made up my mind to do without one this Spring,' was Mary's reply.

'What! you're not going to wear the same one you wore last Summer, I hope?' said Martha, in surprise.

'Yes; why no! it's almost as good as new; it only wants re-trimming.'

'Oh! but it's so different from the bonnets they wear now. I saw some beauties at Mrs. Parker's for ten dollars. They are really splendid.'

'You don't think of getting a bonnet at that price, I hope, Martha.'

'Well, I tell you, I was strongly tempted to take one; they are so beautiful. I tried one on and Mrs. Parker said I looked better in it than any bonnet she ever saw me wear. She tried hard to persuade me to take one, but as I had not that money to spare, just now, I took one at eight.'

'Didn't you pay five for one last Spring?'

'Yes; and mean enough I felt all Summer. I determined, then, let the consequences be what they might, I would have a handsome one this year.'

'But I can't see how you can afford it, Martha. You earn no more than I do; and you have a great many more clothes; two frocks to my one, I think.'

'I know I have and I have often thought how foolish you were not to take better care of your self; for I tell you what, Mary, it's plain that unless girls like you and I dress ourselves up a little, there will be no chance for us as long as we live.'

'I don't understand you, Martha; chance for what?'

'Why, a chance of getting a husband, to be sure; I'm tired of working this way; and if I dress well, I'm going to have one.'

'Oh, Martha! surely you are not so foolish as that! What happiness could you expect in a union with a man who could be guided in his choice of a wife, by her dress, independent of her mental and moral qualifications?'

'Quite as much, I think, as slaving from Monday morning till Saturday night, as we do now.'

'But, you surely forget one thing; if you put all your money on your own back, your mother and little sister must suffer.'

'Mother's as able to work as I am; and Peggy too, if she would only put her at it.'

'For shame, Martha! to speak so of your mother. Remember how she has worked for you when you could not work for yourself. When you were of Peggy's age, too, you had a kind father to provide for you. Think of that, now; and don't be so selfish as to use all your earnings for yourself. Would it not be as well to, to lay a little by for sickness?'

'I'd like to know how I could do that out of three dollars a week?'

'Not unless you are economical, I know.'

'Do you do it?'

'I manage to get by a little.'

'I don't wonder, then, that you have to dress as you do. Take my advice, and get yourself a handsome bonnet this Spring, and a new dress, with what you've got laid by, and perhaps it will be the means of getting some one to take care of you when you are sick.'

'Seriously, Martha, I think it a sin for either you or me to pay that much for a bonnet.'

'A sin! just as if a poor girl ought not to wear as good clothes as a rich one.'

'It is sinful for any one to indulge in expensive dress or living, when they go beyond their means to do so; and I know neither of us can do so without going beyond our means.'

'Well, sir, or no, sir, I'm going to have the bonnet, Mary; so, as we can't agree, we'll argue the point no longer.'

Martha Hinton and Mary Lynn were employed in a cap manufactory. The amount of their earnings seldom exceeded three dollars a week. Each of them had a widowed mother and a younger sister, not wholly dependent upon them, but who at the same time could not get along comfortably without their help. Mary paid her mother regularly one dollar and half a week for board, and also assisted to clothe and educate her sister. Martha agreed to pay her board, but, finding that she could not dress as she desired on the dollar and a half that remained, it too often happened that the whole of her week's wages was appropriated to herself, with the promise to pay her mother another time; that time, however, very seldom came; thus, instead of being a help, she became a hindrance.

The day following that on which our story commenced, was the Sabbath. Mary, with her mother and sister, were among the first who entered the courts of the Most High, on that blessed day. Not so with her companion. It was fully twenty minutes after the commencement of the services, when Mrs. Hinton and her two daughters entered the House of God, and passing up the aisle, seated themselves a few pews in advance of the Lynns. Mrs. Hinton and her two daughters! would a stranger have taken them to be all of one family? Martha was attired in a rich silk dress, with a visor and gaiters to match; a beautifully worked collar, fastened by a gold pin, encircled her neck; the flowing under-sleeves were adorned with costly edging, and the visor with handsome silk lace; to these we must add the elegant eight dollar

bonnet, and a white lace veil. Her mother wore a calico frock, somewhat faded, a cotton shawl, and the bonnet her daughter had worn the previous summer, which, by the by, had more the appearance of being worn three seasons, than one. Little Peggy had on a calico frock and cape, coarse leather boots, and a white muslin sun-bonnet. Painfully striking was the contrast! Although Martha had informed Mary of her intention of getting a new bonnet, she had said nothing about her other articles of dress, so that her young friend was as much surprised as pained when she beheld her in this gay attire. How much more pained would she have been had she known that the greater part of it was yet unpaid for. But Mary was not the only one thus affected by Martha's unbecoming dress. On the opposite side of the aisle sat a young man, a mechanic, and the possessor of some property. He had been a good deal in company with the two young girls, and began to have serious thoughts of making one of them his wife. Of the two, Martha was justly considered the handsome. She was also of a lively disposition, and possessed greater conversational powers than did Mary, whose retiring modesty caused her rather to shrink from than to court observation. As they met frequently through the winter, Somers (for that was the young man's name) could not but acknowledge to himself that there was a softness and delicacy of manners about Mary not possessed by Martha; and yet he felt that it was equally clear that the latter was more attractive to him than the former. He was not aware, however, that his conduct had manifested a preference for one above the other; but in this he was mistaken. For more than a month Martha had felt that she was an object of interest to the young man, and as he had from the first been an object of interest to her, she had no desire that it should be otherwise. Thus to secure the desired end, she resorted to dress. Foolish, weak-minded girl! Little did she think the very means she was making use of for the accomplishment of her purpose would be its defeat. But thus it was. When Somers saw her enter the church in a dress more befitting the daughter of a rich man than one in her humble station, and contrasted her appearance with that of her poverty-stricken mother and sister, his eye involuntarily sought the pew in which Mary was seated. There was no showy dress to attract attention; no striking contrast between the daughter and the mother, or the little sister; all were neatly dressed; one equally as well as the other. And what think you, reader, was the effect of all this upon the mind of Somers? It was in the House of God, and he would not then and there allow his mind to dwell upon the subject; but when a suitable time came, and he had opportunity for reflection, he wisely concluded that a daughter who would seek her mother go with scarcely a decent frock to her back, while she herself was dressed in a manner far beyond what her means would justify, was, to say the least of it, selfish and ungrateful; and that a selfish and ungrateful daughter could not possibly make a good wife. Mary Lynn wore her old bonnet all that summer. The following spring, however, she appeared in an entire new suit; a gayer one, too, than any she had formerly worn; but child her not, reader, for it was a bridal suit; and Walter Somers was the bridegroom.

## The Little Worsted Hat.

BY HANNAH A. MOORE.

'Take it away, Mary, I cannot bear to see it now.' And the faithful-hearted nurse laid the now useless hat carefully away.

Ah, young, stricken mother, sitting alone in your silent nursery! you cannot bear to see it now, and many, many days must pass before you will be able to look calmly on the cunning little blue and white hat, whose jaunty air, and pretty, plum-like trimmings have so often made you smile.

There will no smile play over your features now, when it meets your eye.

Dear little memento of the past! too distinctly and too touchingly does it speak of the cherub form and birdlike voice that have passed away from your dwelling forever.

You cannot bear to look upon it, for at the sight your yearning to behold the little one who wore it grows more painful, and you miss the angel presence with a keener agony.

Bitter are the thoughts that crowd chokingly upon your heart.

Upon the stainless brow above which that hat once lightly rested, the grave-dust is gathering, gathering slowly, day by day; and amid the brightness of those golden curls lies heavily.

Dampness is on the cheek and lips that were late so rosy; and the sealed eye of the little one has lost its glorious beauty.

Oh, blue-eyed darling, sweet angel of innocence and loveliness! The grave should not demand such things as these.

I would there were some art discovered, by which when the spirit departs, the fair casket it leaves could be changed at once into marble or alabaster, and so be kept as a sacred thing in its accustomed dwelling.

But this can never be, and we must lay our treasures down amid the dust.

Oh that we might all, at all times, have power to turn our thoughts away from the dark grave, and follow the rejoicing spirit as it ascends to its native heaven.

Oh that we might ever be able, as we lay the young and the lovely away to rest, to say, with voice and heart, 'Amen' to the beautiful words of one of America's sweet poets:

'Weep not for the early dead,  
Sleeping in the narrow bed;  
They are happier far than we,  
Happier blest we be.'

Happy are they who die in youth,  
Ere the fountain springs of truth  
Have been sullied by the rains,  
Leaving dark and deadly stains.'

'People are too much given to slander,' said Mrs. Partridge, solemnly, as she took her hands out of some gingerbread she was making, and held them over the pan as if she was invoking a blessing on the savory mass. She turned half round as she spoke, and Mrs. Sled, who was busy with her sewing, looked up.

'Why will people indulge in calumny,' continued she, 'and give opprobrious names, when they could go along in peace and harmony with conscientious voiding offence. Whole neighborhoods are set into a blaze by scandalous and tale-bearing, and envy is to the bottom of it, six times out of five. Some folks can't bear to see some folks prosper. Now, if I know my own heart, I don't believe I've got a single envious quality, and I thank heaven for it.'

Mrs. Sled nodded assent as she resumed a patch on the knee of a pair of juvenile gaiters, and Mrs. P., like a diver for pearls, plunged anew beneath the yeast compound. And we are grateful, kind reader, that thou hast those enviable qualities now discovered through misapprehension, and the world is grateful, and pleasant places will those be in which the lines of thy benevolence are cast, for a neighborhood in thy benignity would glow like a landscape in the rays of a summer sunset, and the spirit of peace descend upon it like the dew. But put like to bed first, or there's no more peace. See where, even now, the trade disappears before obsessive fingers, and vain, oh, Mistress P., will thy after search prove for the stapple of the molasses jug.

## Revolutionary Anecdote.

A correspondent of the Manchester, N. H., Mirror, furnishes the following:

'When the British were in Boston, in 1777, my father was in a barber's shop waiting to be shaved. A British officer came in and wanted to be shaved, provided the barber could do it without drawing blood, and saying that if he did he would run his sword through him. The barber was frightened and dared not undertake the task. A little boy sitting there spoke up and said he would do it. He looked at the boy with astonishment, but the boy stripped off his coat, and told him to take a seat. He took off the officer's beard without blood, and was paid a guinea for his trouble. The officer then asked him how he ventured to do it, as he had been to every barber's shop in town, and no one before dared to do it. The boy replied, 'I thought I should see the blood as soon as you would, and if I had, I would have cut your throat to the neck bone in one moment.' The British officer hung down his head and left, amid shouts of applause for the boy.'

## A Rolling Stone gathers no Moss.

Well what of that? Who wants to be a mossy old stone, a way in some damp corner of a pasture, where sunshine and fresh air never come, for the crows to rub themselves a gainst, and for bugs and snails to crawl over and for toads to squat under some poisonous weeds?

It is far better to be a smooth and polished stone, rolling along the brawling stream of human life, wearing off the rough corners and bringing out the firm crystalline structure of the granite or the delicate veins of the agate or the chalcedony.

It is this perpetual chafing and rubbing in the whirlwind currents that shows what sort of a grit man is made of, and what use he is good for. The sandstone and soapstone are soon ground down to sand and mud, the firm rock is selected for the towering fortress, and the diamond is polished for the monarch's crown.

'Pa,' said a little fellow the other day, 'wasn't Job an editor?' 'Why, Sammy? Because the Bible says he had so much trouble, and was a man of sorrows all the days of his life.'

## A LEAP FOR LIFE.

BY WILLIAM HURTON.

After my discharge from the hospital at Havana I shipped in the American Barque Independence, Capt Robert L., bound to Valparaiso, and thence round the Horn to the Western coast of North America. She was a large vessel, of some seven hundred tons register, with a handsome poop, toy gallant fore-castle, and all other points of a flash ship. The captain was a native of Jersey, and the crew were a mixture of American, British and Spaniards, with a sprinkling of woolly-heads, or, 'Snoo Balls,' as we called the negroes.

We had not been a week out, ere, very great dissatisfaction prevailed among the crew, for the captain with unaccountable perversity did not allow us half enough junk (i. e. salted beef) to our meals; and even what we did get, was what sailors call 'old horse,' viz. hard, tough, lean, stringy stuff, devoid of nourishment. The usual allowance of junk on ship-board is one pound and a half for each man per diem; but I am sure we did not get more than half that quantity. The captain used to come on deck every morning, and stand by the steward as he weighed out the junk from the 'harshness cask,' to see that we did not get an ounce over what he had ordered. On the other hand, this captain allowed us three as much grog as usual, but sailors, although very fond of rum, can't live upon it, and three quarters of a pound of 'old horse,' and a few rotten biscuits, quite alive with 'weevils,' was a poor day's allowance for a hearty fellow.

Our first mate often remonstrated with the captain on his conduct, and plainly told him that the men would not long submit to it; but the only reply the captain made was to tell him to mind what he was about, or he would 'break him and haze him up,' meaning that he would send the mate forward as a common sailor, and work him to death. At length, after a long and fierce discussion in the fore-castle, we all went off one morning in a body, and complained without an interruption, to Captain L.

'Steward, go down in the cabin, and bring my pistols.'

We looked at one another in silence. In a couple of minutes the steward returned with the pistols, and with a face as pale as death, handed them to the captain. The latter coolly placed both on full cock, laying them side by side on the top of the binacle, crossed his arms and glared round at every soul of us ere he spoke.

'Now, men,' cried he at length, between his teeth, 'all I've got to say is, that you are mistaken if you think you are going to get the upper hand of me. I am your captain, and the law gives me power to do what I like. You didn't ship to buy me. Go forward to your duty, and the first man that hesitates, or gives me any jaw, I'll shoot him as I would a pig-con.'

We tumbled to the fore-castle in a body, and for hours after the captain walked the deck big with his achievement.

We had light halfling words for many days, and the temper of the captain grew perfectly savage. By-and-by came a calm, and he was a complete madman. He stormed and swore from morning to night, and 'hazed' us all from the cabin boy up to the mate. Our allowance of meat was worse than ever, and he stopped grog altogether, and put us on half allowance of water, under pretence he feared to run short if the calm lasted. But when a breeze sprang up at the expiration of four days, our allowance remained the same—half meat, half water, no grog! The sailors grew half desperate, and crews both loud and deep were landed from mouth to mouth, and indistinct mutters uttered.

By-and-by it was whispered in the ship that the captain had had a *coup-de-main*, or sun stroke, before leaving Havana, and that he had drunk freely of brandy ever since, and was consequently really insane to a certain extent. This would explain his conduct, and we all were inclined to accept it as the proper solution; but the captain had certainly never yet committed any act which would legally be held proof of insanity, for all that he did, although highly cruel and tyrannical, was within the bounds of that fearful amount of almost irresponsible power that the law allows to sea captains.

We had been three weeks out when it was my morning watch on deck. Six bells (seven o'clock) had just struck, and I was engaged coiling away the line of the log, which had been hove by order of the mate, then in charge of the deck, when Capt L.—unexpectedly came out of the cabin. I noticed that he had a wild nervous look, for he glanced around and aloft, just as a man might do when suddenly aroused from a dream.

'What's course!' he abruptly demanded of the man at the wheel.

'South east by east, sir.'

The mate then stepped up to the binacle and looked at the compass. Turning round with an oath, he struck the man a blow in the mouth that knocked him away from the wheel and thundered—

'You take the spokes in hands! You know no more about steering than your mother!' (Such were the exact words for I distinctly remember them.)

The poor fellow who was one of the best helmsmen in the ship took hold of the spokes again, the blood trickling down his chin, and muttered—

'I was steering to a hair's breadth.'

'What's that you say?'

'I say I was steering as well as any man could, and you're a—tyrant, captain.'

The captain's face grew black with passion, and the light foam flew from his lips as he screamed—

'Mr. Jackson, clap this fellow in irons! No, seize him up, make a spread eagle of him. I'll teach him to toe the mark.'

The mate, Jackson, in vain attempted to soothe the madman, who compelled his officers to 'seize up' the unfortunate sailor—that is, to lash his wrists to the shrouds, with his back bare for punishment. That is called making a 'spread eagle.' I dare not dilate on the sickening scene that ensued. Suffice it that the captain with his own hand flogged the man most brutally in presence of all hands, and not soul of us dared to speak.

That night we all signed a 'round robin,' that is, a paper stating a grievance, or petition, with the names of the men written in a circle, so that not one can be pitched upon as the ring-leader—addressed to the chief mate, stating that we all felt that our lives were not safe in the hands of the captain, as he was obviously insane, and requesting the mate to take the command of the ship, and place the captain in confinement. We sent this to Mr. Jackson by one of the boys, and in a quarter of an hour the mate came forward.

'Men,' said he, 'do you know what you are about? You are in open mutiny—and you know what the penalty for that is. For God's sake let us have no more of this. Captain L.—is captain, and his will is law. We must all submit to it. Were I to do my duty strictly, I should show this,' pointing to the round-robin, 'to the captain; but I don't want to make matters worse. Let us get to port, and then complain as you please. But for your own sakes—and for my sake—don't mutiny.'

We all respected the mate, and his words made a great impression. We consulted together, and the prudence of the majority overcame the fierce impulse of the bolder spirits. It was, however, tacitly understood, that if matters grew much worse, we would risk the dreadful penalty of mutiny by seizing the captain, for we now considered he was undoubtedly insane, although the mate acted rightly enough in holding aloof at present, as the captain had not yet evinced himself incapable of managing the ship.

Whether any whisper had leaked out in the cabin, through the steward or officers, I cannot tell, but the captain undoubtedly suspected what had passed. At noon the next day he came on deck, with a double-barrel gun in his hands, and deliberately loaded it with ball in our presence. When he had done this, he called all hands aft, and in language that sufficiently indicated from its wild incoherence, that he was undoubtedly insane, he addressed the crew, winding up with the words—

'You think to get the upper hand of me, do you? You will mutiny—you will take the ship away from me! I'll make an example—I'll show you whom you have to deal with! Mr. Jackson, let those two men be seized up this minute, for I'll make spread eagles of 'em sure as I live.'

As he spoke, the captain pointed to two of the nearest men—one an American, the other an Englishman. These poor fellows looked round at their messmates, and seeing how undecided all were, they suddenly turned and sprang into the rigging—running aloft for safety.

The captain's eyes glared like a wild beast's and seizing his gun, he shouted—

'Lay down this moment, both of ye, or I'll shoot ye!'

They saw the threatening movement, and heard the command; but this only caused them to run up the rigging higher and higher. Twice more the captain hailed them, and then he raised his piece, and, quick as lightning, levelled and fired. A burst of execration from us all followed, for the ball had struck the Englishman, and broken his leg. He fell like a wounded bird into the main-top, and screamed in agony.

'Oh, God! what have you done, Captain L.—' exclaimed the horror-stricken mate.

'You have committed murder!'

'No, I have not,' answered the captain. 'I ordered the fellow down, and if he won't obey, it's mutiny, and the law will justify me in killing him, or you either—so mind what you say.'

The mate turned aside, and when one of the oldest seamen whispered in his ear—'Say the word, sir, and we will clap the madman in irons,' he only shook his head, and buried his face in his hands.

Meanwhile the American, a fine young fellow, known by the sobriquet of 'Boston Bill,' had ascended to the royal yard, and was looking down on deck to see what course matters were taking. The captain, not satisfied with disabling one man, at this moment pointed his gun at him, and hoarsely ordered him on deck, threatening to shoot him if he refused.

'Come down, man, for heaven's sake!' repeated the mate.

'He will flag me if I do, sir.'

'Yes, I'll flag you, sure enough,' yelled the captain.

'Then I will die before I come down!'

Without another word the captain commenced taking a deliberate aim, and half a dozen voices shouted to the man whose life was in this fearful jeopardy—

## The Little Worsted Hat.

BY HANNAH A. MOORE.

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'People are too much given to slander,' said Mrs. Partridge, solemnly, as she took her hands out of some gingerbread she was making, and held them over the pan as if she was invoking a blessing on the savory mass. She turned half round as she spoke, and Mrs. Sled, who was busy with her sewing, looked up.

'Why will people indulge in calumny,' continued she, 'and give opprobrious names, when they could go along in peace and harmony with conscientious voiding offence. Whole neighborhoods are set into a blaze by scandalous and tale-bearing, and envy is to the bottom of it, six times out of five. Some folks can't bear to see some folks prosper. Now, if I know my own heart, I don't believe I've got a single envious quality, and I thank heaven for it.'

Mrs. Sled nodded assent as she resumed a patch on the knee of a pair of juvenile gaiters, and Mrs. P., like a diver for pearls, plunged anew beneath the yeast compound. And we are grateful, kind reader, that thou hast those enviable qualities now discovered through misapprehension, and the world is grateful, and pleasant places will those be in which the lines of thy benevolence are cast, for a neighborhood in thy benignity would glow like a landscape in the rays of a summer sunset, and the spirit of peace descend upon it like the dew.



the floor, with his head towards the door, and his wife was lying in the opposite direction, with her head towards the window, bereft of all her night clothing.

The shrieks and cries of Mr. and Mrs. Wickham aroused the two girls who occupied the attic bedroom. Ellen Howland, the girl whom he had threatened, was the first who heard the disturbance below. She instantly suspected that it was Nicholas, and aroused her companion, Catherine Dowd, to go and alarm the neighbors. "That murders was going on down stairs," they were afraid to go down stairs, and fearing he would next come up stairs, they fled to the kitchen. They then slipped down the roof of the milk-house connecting with it, and then to the ground. Ellen soon followed her, and both ran off screaming across the meadows, to the residence of Mr. Betts, a distance of five or six hundred yards. They alarmed Mr. Betts, exclaiming, "For God's sake, go to our house; murder is being committed." Mr. Betts at first thought the girls were crazy, and Mrs. Betts exclaimed, "Don't let her in, the girl is mad."

After a while Mr. Betts, concluded to go and see about it, and called Dr. Carpenter, who lived near by, and they both went to the house. When they all approached the house together, and listened for a minute to ascertain if they could hear anything. Not hearing anything they went on to the house, and found Mr. Wickham's bedroom window open. They listened again, and heard the groaning and moaning of the dying people. They concluded at once to enter the premises, and accordingly they broke open the door, procured a light and went up stairs. Upon entering the bedroom Dr. Carpenter saw Mr. Wickham raising up on his hands and knees, and he concluded to go to the door, and immediately ran down stairs on the floor. These were the last words he uttered. The doctor discovered that he had no less than twenty wounds about the head. His jaw was broken in three places, and the skull broken and completely smashed in behind the ears on both sides of his head.

In addition to these wounds, his head and face were literally covered with cuts and bruises. His hands, arms and body exhibited evidence of a severe contest with his assailant. In an insensible condition he remained for 20 hours and died at 8 o'clock on Friday night.

The unfortunate woman, notwithstanding the severity of the wounds, lingered for near two hours before she expired. She was not conscious after the arrival of her friends.

The colored boy was dreadfully injured on the head, receiving three or four blows with the axe, one blow severing his ear, and another fracturing his skull. He now lies in a state of insensibility, and no hopes are entertained of his recovery. After the girls had escaped the fiend proceeded up stairs in search of them, and finding they had fled to the attic, he went to the room of Mr. Wickham, and passing over the bodies, raised the window and jumped out, leaving traces of blood from his stocking feet and hands upon the woodwork, as he lowered himself down to the ground. Here he dropped the lamp and the axe, and took to his heels, and then ran to the house, as blood found upon the fence over which he had passed and his tracks through the cornfield, described his course until he reached the woods.

#### FARMING IN PALESTINE.

S. W. Jones, Esq., of Pittsfield, Mass., who is laboring to ameliorate the condition of the Jews, has written to Dr. Jewell's *Culture and Gazette* an interesting letter, descriptive of the geology and agriculture of that part of the eastern coast of the Mediterranean. He says that its surface rocks belong to the chalk formation; and that the soil is naturally fertile, and is well cultivated. The Plains of Sharon appear to be elevated table land, having an abundance of lime, in the form, primarily, of minute shells (characteristic of chalk), and valuable for raising grain.

For the leaves to stick out between them. It is in time of gathering during the months of November, December, January and February, and soon the trees are in blossom again."

**NEW DISCOVERY.** Doctor Curtis's newly discovered method of Inhalation is attracting a good deal of attention throughout the country wherever his new method has been tested. It is certainly a common-sense principle, and an easy, pleasant, and direct application to the diseased part. We believe in the efficacy of this treatment from having witnessed its beneficial results in more cases than of any other method, and we are persuaded that in recommending it to the afflicted we are aiding in the dissemination of a principle, and entirely new application of the same, which is capable of affording more relief to the suffering, and holds out a more cheering and well-founded hope of recovery to those who are laboring under diseases of the lungs, than any ever before discovered. It is destined we think to produce an entire revolution in the treatment of all such diseases.

We have heretofore, almost invariably refused to publish or notice patent medicines, and shall continue the same course in regard to them, unless we have the most positive and reliable proof in regard to their usefulness. The reader will find in our paper the advertisement of "Medicated Inhalation."—Dr. Curtis's newly discovered method referred to above—which contains more truthful, sensible and convincing evidence of its value as a medicine, than we have even before seen crowded in so small a space. We bespeak for it the earnest attention of the afflicted and their friends, and will say of our own knowledge that we know it to be good. Our wife has used it with decided success in an annoying cough of several years' standing, and an old and valued friend has found relief from it in a case of bronchitis, where all else failed. But these are trifles when compared with those certified to in the advertisement, and satisfactorily so to us, before we would consent to even publish the advertisement, which, by the bye, is the only medical advertisement we have ever yet published.—*Exr.*

**An Elephant at Large.**

The elephant which got loose from his keepers on Monday, on the road from Pawtucket to Fall River, appears to have acted quite unbecomingly for an animal of his immense size and accustomed docility. Before starting, his keeper made him lift the hinder part of a wagon, loaded with 3500 pounds, for the purpose of getting it into line. It is supposed that this, although not unusual, might have suggested to him the mode of attack which he adopted afterwards. His first assault was on the horse and wagon of Mr. Stafford Short, who was in the wagon. The elephant thrust his tusks into the horse and lifted horse, wagon and rider into the air. He mangled the horse terribly and carried him about fifty feet, and threw the dead body into a pond. The wagon was broken to pieces, and Mr. Short considerably hurt. The elephant broke one of his enormous tusks in this encounter. He next attacked the horse and wagon of Mr. Thomas W. Peck: the horse was injured and the wagon broken. Mr. Peck was wounded in the hip. We copy the remainder of the account from the *Providence Journal*:

"The next man in the path was Mr. Pearce, who was riding with his little son in a one-horse wagon. He was coming towards the elephant, and being warned by Mr. Barney, turned around and put his horse to his speed, but the elephant overtook him, and seizing the wagon, threw it into the air, dashing it to pieces and breaking the collar bone and arm of Mr. Pearce. The horse, disengaged from the wagon, escaped with the fore wheels, and the elephant gave chase for eight miles, but did not catch him. The elephant came back from his unsuccessful pursuit and took up his march again on the main road, where he next encountered Mr. Jabez Eddy, with a horse and wagon. He threw up the whole establishment in the same way as before, smashed the wagon, killed the horse and wounded Mr. Eddy. He threw the horse twenty feet over a fence into the adjoining lot, then broke down the fence, went over and picked up the dead horse and deposited him in the road, where he had first met him.

He killed one other horse and pursued another, who fled to a barn. The elephant followed, but at the door was met by a fierce bull dog, which bit his leg and drove him off.

Once on the road, the keeper being ahead of him, saw him plunge over a wall and make for a house. The keeper got into the house first, hurried the frightened people within to the upper story, and providing himself with an axe, succeeded in driving off the furious beast.

The elephant finally exhausted his strength, and laid himself down in the bushes, about two miles from Slade's Ferry. Here he was secured with chains and carried over the ferry to Fall River. A part of the time he ran at the rate of a mile in three minutes."

**Woman's Love.**

From the *St. Louis Republican* we copy the following: "We saw last evening, an apt illustration of the genuine devotion and affection of woman's love. A poor drunken wretch in the afternoon had been taken to the calaboose. His conduct in the street and after he was placed in his cell, was of such a violent character, that it became necessary to handcuff him. The demon of rum had possession of his soul, and he gave vent to his ravings in curses so profane as even to shock the senses of his fellow prisoners, one of whom in the same cell with him, at his own solicitation, was placed in a separate apartment.

A woman appeared at the grating, and in her hands she had a ruddy tray upon which were some slices of bread, fresh from the hearthstone, and other little delicacies for her wild, erring husband. She stood at the bar gazing intently into the little gloom where her maniacal companion wildly raved. Her voice was low and soft, and as plaintive as the melody of a fount and crushed spirit.

"The tears stream from her eyes, and there in that dark prison house, the abode of the most wretched and depraved, the tones of her voice found their way into that wicked man's heart, and he knelt in sorrow and in silence, before his young and injured wife, while his heart found relief in tears, such as only a man can weep. Though the iron still bound his wrists, he placed his hands, with their heavy insignia of degradation, confidently and affectionately upon the brow of his fair companion, and exclaimed,—

"Katy! you a better man!"

"There, upon a rude seat, she spread the

humble meal which she had prepared with her own hands; and after he had finished, she rose to depart, bidding him be calm and resigned for her sake, with the assurance that she would return and take him home. And she left him a strong man, with his head drooping upon his breast, a very coward, humiliated before the weak and tender being whose presence and affection had stifled the angry passions of his soul. True to the fine instincts of her love and promise, she did return with one who went on his second for his appearance the next morning, and with his hand clasped in that of his loving wife, she led him a way, a penitent and better man.—There were those who laughed at that pale meek woman bore of her erring husband but she heeded them not, and her self-sacrificing heart knew no care for nothing in his holy and heaven born instincts but to preserve and protect him whom she loved with all the devotion of a wife and mother."

**ROCKLAND GAZETTE.**  
W. G. FRYE, Editor.

**OUR SHIP-YARDS.**

Until a few days ago, when we took occasion to visit the different ship-yards in this place, we had the impression that the amount of vessel-building here for the present season would not exceed, if it hardly came up to that of last year, which, if we recollect rightly, was about twelve thousand tons. In making more particular inquiries, however, we were glad to learn that such is not the case, and that on the contrary, as the following statistics will show, the tonnage of this year will considerably exceed that of last. At the yard of Starrett & Kimball, at the extreme North End is a brig of 250 tons, ready to launch. The same firm intend very soon also to put up a ship of 1000 tons. The ship which is building in the yard of Achorn & Dyer, which we noticed a few weeks since, will measure 12-00 instead of 1100 tons, as before stated by us. H. Merriam launched some weeks since a schooner of 220 tons. He is also building a ship of 22-00 tons, another of 1400, and a barge of 400. Starrett & Havenor will build two schooners of 170 tons each. Isaac Ames & Co. have taken a new yard near the steamboat pier, where they have laid the keel and are setting up the frame of a barge of 400 tons. The same Company recently launched the brig "Enterprise," of 250 tons, which we noticed at the time. Wm McLoon is building a ship of 900 tons on Ingraham's Point. Starrett, Cobb & Co. a ship of 1400, C. & N. Dyer a ship of 1200, F. W. Rhodes a ship of 1500, Rockford Trowbridge a ship of 700 tons.—Lawrence, Hilt & Co. are building a ship of 15-00, and have a brig of 300 tons nearly ready for launching. Isaac Ames & Co. have also a 1200 ton ship under way. H. P. Greenlaw has a brig of about 450 tons nearly ready to launch.

Whether the above is all that will be built this season we do not know. Very probably, however, it is not. Others are likely to be built before the close of the year. But the sum of the above tonnage falls but a few figures short of 17,000 tons. We venture to say that it will actually amount to more than that. This shows, truly, the increasing enterprise in this important department of the business of Rockland. If our other ship-building towns are doing a proportional business as compared with what they have done previously, there need be no fears that Maine will continue to be the leading ship-building State in the Union.

**"OPPOSITION TO SCIENCE."**

A few weeks since we received for our paper a communication from one of our neighbors, treating as nearly as we could judge upon spiritualism. Accompanying the article was a private note to the editor, requesting that if the article was not inserted it might be returned to the author.

We read the article carefully, and decided at once not to publish it, but enclosing it in an envelope we dropped it in the Post Office, directed to its author. Our reasons for not publishing the communication were simply the same that have compelled us in a few instances to reject other articles—because it was not worth its room. It was an exceedingly common-place, puerile, ungrammatical sort of a thing—containing no few ideas (if any at all) and those so very "neutral" that we did not think it would be acceptable to our readers, they generally being a pretty intelligent class of people.

We thought no more about it till a few days afterwards, in glancing over the columns of our neighbor *Advertiser*, we saw it there, under the caption of "Opposition to Science." Last week its author appeared in that paper, with an attempt at being tremendously severe upon ourself, at the same time insinuating that we were not sufficiently fearless and independent to publish his communication. He was, however, to use his own words, "led to conclude" that "there was not a philosophical aptitude between his [our] declaration of neutral rights, based as all rights should be, upon labor principles!"—that this was the reason why we didn't publish his article! We don't know what he means to say here, though if he wished to know why we did not give his article a place in our columns, we have already told him, above.

But as our purpose in noticing his last communication was only to let him know plainly why we rejected the article sent to us, we beg pardon of our readers for saying so many words upon so trifling a subject. Our conviction is that our grievous subject is better adapted to the business of administering lobelia to his patients than to that of attempting to aid "rising sciences" through the medium of newspapers.

**IMPROVED PEN.** We have just made trial of a new "Copper Pen" which is a thing of recent invention, and have become satisfied that it is destined to come into extensive use. It is very cheap, and yet it has all the elasticity and wear of the gold pen, while one of its peculiar merits lies in the fact that it will not corrode—even when dipped in strong acid, as E. F. Dana does the steel pen instantly. E. F. Dana is the sole agent for Rockland.

**WE** are having beautiful weather at this time. Since the very much needed and refreshing rain of last week, everything, especially of the vegetable kind, is growing amazingly. Grass is actually jumping from the ground; so is grain &c., &c. The leaves upon the trees are "spreading themselves" at a great rate. The farmers look good natured, in view of their growing prospects.

**NOTICES OF PUBLICATIONS.**

**SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS EXAMINED AND EXPLAINED.** *Judge Edmunds Refuted; or, an Exposition of the Involuntary Powers and Instincts of the Human Mind.* By John Boyce Dods. New York: DeWitt & Davenport. For sale by E. F. Dana.

This is not only a most interesting work, but our estimation it is the best explanation of the "spirit-rappings" that has ever appeared.—The author, well known as the author of "The Philosophy of Electrical Psychology," has for twenty years made the capabilities of the human mind his study, and hence is just the man to explain the mysteries of the so-called spiritualism. He accounts for all the rapping phenomena upon philosophical grounds, by an analysis of the mind, and, in a manner so clear, so thorough, so logical, so convincing, as at least to entitle the work to a reading by all interested in the subject. We commend the work to the spiritual public. Let them read it carefully, and then see if they are not slightly shaken in their "spiritual faith."

**FLORA LINDSAY; or, Passages in an Eventful Life.** By Mrs. Moodie, author of "Roughing It in the Bush," etc., etc. New York: DeWitt & Davenport. Rockland: E. F. Dana.

The name of Mrs. Moodie is already familiar to the public. She has acquired by her former works a most enviable reputation, which we are sure cannot be lessened by the publication of this highly interesting little volume, which is actually an autobiography of the writer, previous to her emigration to America. Her quiet humor, her beautiful, life-like style, always simple and fascinating, render the work entertaining from beginning to end. Still, the authoress is relating facts and describing scenes and characters as they happened.

All at least who have read her former works will want this to complete the chain of events in the life of this remarkable woman.

**THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.**

We are always sure to find a large amount of the very best of reading in the British periodicals. As is well known, the very highest talent is employed in furnishing the essays which they contain—essays which are never common-place—always scholarly and able.

Of the several of these quarterlies that come to us, the one mentioned above is equal to the best of them. The London Quarterly before us is for April, and has its usual stock of good reading. The first article on "Sterne" is particularly good. This work can be had of Leonard, Scott & Co., (by mail) at No. 54 Gold St., N. Y., for \$3 a year. Two copies, \$5; three, \$7; four, \$8.

**R. C. G.**

Our new Light Infantry Company, the Rockland City Guards, are going right ahead. They meet several times a week, at their armory, in the Custom House Block, where under the discipline of Davis Tillson, Esq., whose experience at West Point thoroughly qualifies him for instructing the company in the various military exercises, they are making rapid proficiency in the science. The Company have lately received from the State the requisite number of muskets (and beautiful pieces they are, too) and other articles which make up the paraphernalia of such a company. They have also adopted and ordered a style of uniform, which will consist of a blue coat and pantaloons, trimmed with gold lace. The cap will be the bearskin, ornamented with a single rich tassel of gilt. It is thought that this uniform will set off the Company to excellent advantage.

Considering the character of the members, and the spirit which they manifest in becoming organized and qualified for public exhibition and duty, we are confident it will be one of the best companies in the State, as it is sure to be an honor to Rockland.

**WE** learn that our neighbors, the citizens of Thomaston, are to make a grand demonstration on the coming Fourth. They are to have an oration, public dinner, &c., &c., with fireworks in the evening. It is said (though we don't believe it) that the "striped pig" which was not exhibited at Wadsworth last year, will be "round" on the day of the celebration.

The services of the Rockland Brass Band have been engaged by them for the day. We congratulate them on having secured the services of a Band which has so good a reputation (and which deserves it) for the excellent music it affords on all public occasions.

**INTERCOURSE WITH JAPAN.** From the *Boston Journal* of Tuesday we learn that letters and circulars received by the last overland mail state that Commodore Perry has succeeded in opening Japan to the commerce of the United States. It is stated that two ports have been opened to our commerce, and supplies of coal are promised, as well as good treatment of our ship-wrecked seamen and whalers. We may furnish our readers with further accounts of this important matter next week.

**Rev. Mr. KALLOCH**, of the First Baptist Church in this place, announced to his society last Sabbath that he should not probably leave them to accept the call from the Baptist Society at Sacramento City, Cal.

**THE** steamer Penobscot, as will be seen by advertisement, is again upon her usual route, in fine trim, fully prepared for the most satisfactory accommodation of the traveling public, and will continue her regular trips as heretofore.

**By** reference to advertisement in our columns, it will be seen that the "American, German and French Circus" of R. SANDS & Co. will exhibit in this city on the afternoon and evening of Wednesday next. Several new and attractive features in ring performance will be introduced, not to mention two of the most superlatively funny "downs," who will introduce themselves to the particular favor of those who love to "laugh and grow fat." The list of excellent performers presented promises a rich treat to the lovers of such amusements. Go and see.

**THE** authorities and other citizens of Portland have had a great time recently on the occasion of the visit of Lord Elgin, Governor General of Canada. The Lord was "received" in great style. A dinner was had at Lancaster Hall, where numerous speeches were made, toasts drunk, &c., &c.

**NOTICES OF PUBLICATIONS.**

**Rising of the Texas Indians—Great Slaughter of Whites.**

BALTIMORE, June 9. The revenue cutter Morris, with the fugitive Burns on board, arrived at Old Point Comfort, Virginia, yesterday.—Burns was put on board the Richmond steamer, en route for Alexandria. It is proposed to give the officers a public dinner at Norfolk.

Col. Suttle, the owner of Anthony Burns, reached Alexandria. He left the cutter Morris, and took passage on a vessel bound for New York, and then returned by land. Burns is represented to be glad of his escape from Boston.

New Orleans papers state that the express had arrived at Galveston, announcing that the Indians, to the number of 500, had pulled under Wild Cat, and commenced a slaughter upon the white inhabitants. Thirty miles west of Victoria they fell in with a company of 25 soldiers, all of whom but two were massacred. They next attacked a party of mustangers, traders and citizens, killing 30 of their number—30 Mexicans, and 6 Americans. When the express left the fighting was still going on. The express rider had his horse shot under him by a ball from one of the Indians, but he succeeded in seizing one of their horses and escaped.

PORTLAND, June 9. Lord Elgin was publicly received to day. The demonstration was most imposing. His Lordship arrived in a special train, and was escorted to Deering Hall by a battalion of volunteer militia and a cavalcade of citizens. He was then presented to the Mayor and City Government, after which he drove through the streets, and at 4 o'clock came to a dinner at Lancaster Hall. The whole proceedings were of the most admirable description. Lord Elgin left in a special train for Montreal, amid the cheers of an immense crowd assembled to see him depart.

**Marino Disasters.**

Barque Mary J. Kimball of this port, Fisk, master, from Sigma, bound to London via this port for the purpose of completing her crew, on the 9th inst., in thick weather, struck on sunken ledges to the S. E. of White Head, boat over and left go anchors but before she brought up struck again on rocks near Grafton's Island, and almost immediately filled, and fell over on her beam ends. Capt. Fisk came to this place for assistance, and the steamer Rockland and one or two schooners left with men, empty casks, &c., for the purpose of stripping and getting her afloat if possible. On Monday, by means of empty casks, they succeeded in floating her off the rocks into deeper water. She was finally on Wednesday morning, towed into this harbor. She will be put on the railway for repairs.

She was a good vessel, of 400 tons, built here last year, and insured for \$20,000, equally divided between the Thomson and Georges Offices, Thomaston, and the Lime Rock and Rockland Offices, here. Her freight worth, amounting to \$8,000, was not insured. Cargo valued at \$35,000 to \$40,000, is a total loss; supposed to be insured in England.

Ship Germanicus of Thomaston, from Liverpool with New Orleans, with 500 passengers, struck upon Bird Key Shoal, 30th ult, and laid in a very dangerous position until 31st, when she was hove off, and proceeded, having received no injury of consequence. We since learn, by telegraph, of her arrival at New Orleans.

**President Pierce's** organ, the Union, is in a great rage at the triumph of the Know Nothings in the city of Washington.

**One** of the United States marshal's guard has been arrested and bound over in \$5000 for the late assault upon Mr. R. H. Dana, Jr.

**A** Western editor appeals in the following eloquent language, to the sympathies of his delinquent subscribers:

"We cannot help thinking how much easier an editor's life might be made if his generous patrons could only hear his 'better half' scraping the bottom of the flour barrel! A man that can write editorials with such music sounding in his ears, can easily walk the telegraph wires and turn somersets in the branches of a thorn bush."

**AN INCIDENT.**—On Tuesday afternoon, as we learn from the N. Y. Evening Post, quiet excitement was created in one of the streets of New York, by the appearance of a little boy about three years old, on the roof of a four story brick house. He stood there proudly, looking over the cornice, and swinging his hat. Two gentlemen who were passing at the time immediately rushed into the house, and ascending the scullery, called to him, and, to come to them. The little fellow immediately turned round and obeyed the call. He was this only son of a widow lady, and during the absence of his mother, had succeeded in climbing the stairs and getting out of the scullery.

**NEW HAMPSHIRE.**—Francis R. Chas. of Conway (old line democrat) was chosen speaker of the House, on Wednesday, by a vote of 156 to 153 for James Thompson, of Bradford, who was supported by the Whigs and free-soilers. The Senate elect consist of 8 democrats and two whigs, and there are two vacancies. It was organized by the choice of democrats.

**GEN. CASS.**—Col. Fuller, of the N. Y. Mirror writes from Detroit thus:

"Of course no one can visit Detroit without being reminded of the 'great Michigan' Gen. Cass, who, if not the oldest inhabitant is almost the father of the city, and its most distinguished resident.—About thirty years ago, he owned a small farm in the heart of the city, and by simple 'holding on,' he has become the possessor of a fortune estimated at three millions of dollars. He lives, during his Congressional interims, in a small house, which he has occupied for many years, and is justly regarded with pride by citizens of all political classes. As a scholar, a statesman and a gentleman, Gen. Cass belongs to a school of high-toned politicians, who are becoming scarce in the arena of public life.

**THE** Democratic Mass Convention held at Portland, on Thursday, 8th inst., nominated Hon. Anson P. Morrill for Governor, and passed resolutions in favor of the Maine Law and in opposition to that portion of the Nebraska Bill which repeals the Missouri Compromise.

**OF** the 425,572 tons of shipping built in all the States and Territories of the United States, in the year ending June, 1853, Maine built 118,916 tons, or more than one fourth of the whole. The next largest amount in any one State was \$3,224, built in New York. Massachusetts built the same year \$3,015 tons.

**CHOLERA** IN NEW YORK. The N. Y. Times says that in Orange St. of that city eight cases of cholera are known to exist. At the quarantine hospital several days since, no less than one hundred cases of the disease were said to be under treatment. Vessels have arrived with cholera in a few days with cholera on board. No deaths have as yet been reported.

**LATER FROM EUROPE.**

New York, June 11. The U. S. mail steamship Pacific, Capt. Nye, arrived at this port about 10 o'clock this P. M., having left Liverpool on the 31st ult., at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and brings 167 passengers.

The steamship Africa arrived on Sunday evening, the 28th ult.

Three British frigates have bombarded and destroyed the advanced works of Hango, in the Baltic, and Admiral Sir Charles Napier was preparing to attack the main fortifications of the place.

In the Black Sea, the allied fleets were blockading Sebastopol.

The Turkish fleet was off Yarmouk on the 11th, on the way to the Circassian coast.

It is confirmed that the Russians have abandoned their Circassian forts.

Silistia still held out to the 31st, on which day the Russians carried a rebout, but were afterwards repulsed.

On the 13th of May the Russians lost 1500 men in an attack on the new fort of Abid Mejid.

A Russian steamer had sailed out of Sebastopol notwithstanding the blockade, and captured an English merchantman in the Black Sea, but being discovered, she cut her prize adrift, and got back safe to Sebastopol.

The Neva was free from ice on May 21, and had risen so high that an inundation was feared. Fifteen stone bridges were to be broken down, the remainder to be mounted with heavy cannon.

The Emperor has been quite sick.

It is reported that the vast merchant quarter of the city of Riga had been demolished by the military authorities, in preparing for defence.

**INTERESTING FROM JAPAN.** The correspondent of the London Times, writes from Hong Kong April 12, as follows: "The most prominent and interesting news we have to communicate by the mail is the authentic accounts of the successful negotiation of Com. Perry of the U. S. Navy, in Japan, and there is great reason, to suppose we may shortly have the particulars of the treaty, and that the ports are to be opened. On the 27th of March, Com. Perry was to have a grand meeting, near Jeddo, with the Prince and Minister of Japan, for the consideration and conclusion, and most probably the ratification of the treaty. From all we learn, there can be no doubt that Japan will be opened to all nations, and each have the felicity of making a treaty.

U. S. ship Saratoga was to be despatched soon after the 27th for Panama, to convey important news to Washington. The U. S. steamer Susquehanna arrived here on the 21st inst., and is to be held at this service of the U. S. Commissioner, Mr. Lane. The ports selected are said to be Osaka, in lat 34 45, lon 134 25, and Matsun in the Straits of Sangan. The report given of the Russian admiral having made a treaty with the Emperor turns out to be unfounded.

**DREADFUL MARINE ACCIDENT AND LOSS OF SEVEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-ONE LIVES.** A letter from Lima, May 11, in the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, gives the following account of a shocking accident on that coast:—"A large armed ship, belonging to the Peruvian navy, called the Mercado, had been sent to a small port three leagues north of Callao, to bring up troops. The steamer Sema was sent with orders to tow the Mercado back to Callao. The tow lines broke, and the ship drifted against a rock, where she bilged, and swinging clear, sank, carrying down with her 820 men, 731 of whom perished! the captain and most of the officers among them."

**THE RETURNED SLAVE, BURNS**, arrived at Old Point Comfort, in the revenue cutter Morris, on 1st St. Burns was put on board a Railroad steamer, for Alexandria.

**A Model "Charge."**

The following amusing incident transpired at the spring term of the Circuit Court of St. Croix County, Wisconsin:

The Judge of the Circuit lately in session at Hudson Wisconsin, gave a charge to the jury on a certain action tried before him which excited considerable merriment in the Court at the time.

The action was to recover the value of certain liquors sent from below and consigned for sale to the defendant. Evidence was given on the part of the defendant to show that the brandy, &c., were made of 40 cent whiskey, and drugged besides, whereas the judge was very indignant, and charged the jury very nearly as follows:

*Gentlemen of the Jury*—"Pure" unadulterated liquor is a wholesome and pleasant beverage, and, as far as the experience of the Court extends, conducive of health and longevity; but a bad article of liquor, gentlemen, or what is worse a drugged article cannot be tolerated; and if dealers from below will send up into this beautiful country, so blessed with the smiles of a benignant Creator, such a miserable quality of liquor as the proof shows this to be, in this court, gentlemen of the jury, they cannot recover."

**AN HONEST OPINION.** The New Orleans Crescent, on commenting on the Nebraska bill, speaks out in the following honest and manly terms:

"The Nebraska bill has passed; a solemn compromise, which protected our Union thirty-four years, has been trampled in the dust; the followers at the beck of the Executive, in anticipation of profit from his patronage, have raised the yell of victory, and cannons have been fired in the national capital in honor of the auspicious event! And what, we ask, are the fruits? Dissatisfaction, grief, distrust, indignation, and loss of confidence in Southern honor throughout half the states of the confederacy!"

The editor of the Cincinnati Commercial says that he never drinks brandy except when at the water is needed for the purpose of navigation.

To practice sincerity is to speak what we think—to do as we profess—to perform what we promise—and really to be what we would seem and appear to be.

A gentle heart is like ripe fruit, which bends so low that it is at the mercy of every one who chooses to pluck it, while the harder fruit keeps out of reach.

The Chinese Repository tells a very singular story of the punishment inflicted on a Chinese criminal in his office, it seems, was unpardonable, and it was determined to make an example of him. Consequently, he was wound round with cotton, saturated with tallow, and having been dipped till he presented the appearance of a gigantic candle, was stuck up on his father's grave and lighted. Of course, the poor fellow perished by slow torture.

**BOSTON FANATICISM.** We consider the following remarks from the Washington Union very appropriate:

"The creed of Boston fanaticism contains two prominent ideas, which constitute alternate sources of its religious and moral pasture.—One is its hatred of adopted citizens, especially if they happen to be Catholics; the other is its horror of the federal constitution and the Southern States. Strange to say, too, that both from the adopted citizens and from the South, Boston realizes a great portion of its wealth. But then to be an Irishman, or a Frenchman, or a German, is so scandalous, and to be a citizen of the South is a disreputable, that chaste and pious Boston would not be at all certain of Heaven if it accepted the fruits of Irish and German labor, and the profits of southern productions, without a vigorous and manly protest at the same time. Hence we see a convert burned down occasionally; and now and then an Irishman, and, at last, a southern citizen forced to fly for his life. The consistency of things is thus preserved, and pious Boston goes on rejoicing in her Christian career."

The New Bedford Standard, speaking of the elephant which made the destruction on Monday, says:—"The elephant that belonged to the menagerie which exhibited in this city on Tuesday still continues in an uneasy state of mind. He is undoubtedly a dangerous animal. The Company paid \$700 for damages done by him on Monday."

**THE** Rockland Brass Band have been engaged to perform at the Masonic Celebration at Eastport, on the 24th inst. They will take the steamer Rockland on Wednesday the 21st, and give a concert at Machias on Thursday evening, arriving at Eastport on Friday.

**WE** are glad to learn, from the Washington Star, that the Senate's Pension Committee have agreed to report a bill granting \$3,000 to the widow of the late Deputy Marshall Backeller, who recently lost his life in Boston, in aiding in the execution of the laws of his country.

**SECURE.**—On Saturday afternoon, about 4 o'clock a girl named Sarah Caswell, aged 17, drewled down the Portland wharf under the following circumstances:—She had been employed in the Carpet Factory on Ida Hill, but had just been discharged because she did not do her work properly. It is thought, from mortification on this account, she committed the act. She made known her intention to a companion who endeavored to dissuade her from it. She then handed her friend her bonnet and went across the bridge just above the Factory, and, climbing along the steep, precipitous bank, threw herself headlong into a deep pool of water. A laborer named Hearty saw her struggling in the water, and went down to rescue her. He was merely amusing himself in trying to swim. He watched her until, as he said, she dove and rose twice, then sunk the third time, when after waiting five minutes and not seeing her rise, he ran to the factory and gave the alarm. The land immediately launched a boat, but on account of the great depth of the water the body was not recovered until at the expiration of 54 minutes.

We learn that the deceased was without relatives or friends in this country, that she had been at work in the mill about six months, and at times exhibited a good deal of mental depression and seemed burdened with secret troubles which she refused to divulge to any one, though it is suspected to be the old story of blighted affection and virtue.—*Troy Post.*

Mr. Fuller of Maine, of the House commercial affairs committee, is said to be preparing a bill designed to secure a supply of American seamen to come. The Washington Star says the plan will embrace as its leading feature, an obligation upon the part of the American sea going vessels to carry apprentices according to tonnage, who are to be educated professionally and otherwise, and to be treated according to rules laid down by the government; and penalties are to be proposed for infractions on the part of shipmasters of any of the provisions of the proposed law. These provisions will be made assessable and collectable by the revenue officers of the government. We may mention, as a point in the plan, the proposed refusal of a register to any ship not thus doing its share in training American seamen for the future wants of the American navy. The measure, by making it obligatory on the master or owner of every United States merchant ship to hunt up, instruct, and take due care of one or more apprentices, from fifty to a hundred thousand capital real American seamen may easily be turned out annually, after some five years hence.

**NEW YORK, 12.**—Capt. Dyer, of bark J. W. Dyer, from Guyanum, reports that the high rains had set in on the islands, which greatly retarded the gathering crop. American vessels, sent, and at St. Thomas were much wanted. Freight 30 to 55 to States for sugar, and 3 50 for molasses. The market was in demand at \$3 a 37. Molasses 10 a 11. American provisions in more demand with improved prices. Lumber—pitch pine \$38; white pine 20. Coopers' material scarce and wanted; shooks with heads \$3; hoops 45 to 55.

The use of the Crystal Palace on the 4th July has been tendered to the National Monument association.

Cholera and small pox very prevalent among the emigrants at Staten Island.

Francis W. Preston, U. S. consul at Guyanum, arrived here to day.

**THE** communication of Mrs. N. will be given next week.

**HOUSEWIVES** will find advertised in another column an article of Soap, which is indeed the "cream" of Soaps, combining all the excellencies and cleansing qualities of the Washing Powders and Fluids, while in its use the boiling of the clothes is dispensed with and mere tepid water is to be used thus making a saving not only of time and also of fuel, and at the same time avoiding the steam and heat of the old methods.

The following extract of a letter from an American merchant now in Stockholm, contains important facts in relation to the effect of the war on European emigration.

"During my travels, I have been obliged as you are aware, to visit Norway and Sweden, for the purchase of iron. I was utterly astonished at the feeling created by the apprehension of a general war in Europe; for although in such an event there is no probability of its extending to these countries, a general panic seems to have taken possession of the inhabitants—so much so, that farmers are selling out their lands at ruinous sacrifices, with a view to emigrate to the United States. I have known of farmers who, in reality have some four or five hundred acres as low as seven or eight hundred and have not been for the ties of kindred and associations at home, I should almost have been tempted to remain here, and speculate in farms, rather than, in iron.

The conditions expressed by the newspapers, that the emigration from Great Britain and Ireland, and from Germany will be materially diminished, if not altogether destroyed, will not apply here. Everything gives evidence of a large increase. It has been calculated, by one well acquainted with the matter, that there were, in the beginning of March, 14,000 persons in Sweden and Norway, prepared to take their departure for the New World. Most of these will arrive at New York, on their way to the 'Far West,' where they will settle down and become a part and parcel of the Great Republic."











